

Vol. 16: No.3 March 9th 2001 Hampshire College

# *the Omen*

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**WE WANT YOUR  
ARTICLES**

We're sick

of hearing

ourselves

talk.

Make us look  
dumb. Take  
over the  
*Omen*. Tell  
the world we  
suck, then make  
us lay it out.

**HELP US GIVE YOU  
A PLACE TO SPEAK.**



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## omen

VOLUME 16, NUMBER 3  
MARCH 9, 2001

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COVER BY CHRISTINE FERNSEBNER ESLAO

### THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

<http://omen.hampshire.edu>

## to submit

Submissions are due **Thursdays before midnight**. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Benni Pierce: **Greenwich 22A, Box 916, x2419**. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to [mpierce@hampshire.edu](mailto:mpierce@hampshire.edu). Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.



I WAS UNCOMFORTABLE. THEN HE MOVED HIS LEG. THEN I WAS COMFORTABLE.

QUOTE ATTRIBUTED TO ZAK KAUFFMAN ON GABE MCKEE ORIENTATION LEADER

## FROM THE EDITOR



Well, it seems that in about a year, I, too, like so many grads before me and (possibly) after me will be finalizing my Division 3. This might mean completing an arduous editing process, or proofreading a chapter until 5 in the morning, or making sure that the cat I have (if I had a cat) on campus doesn't reek havoc with my lab results that I had specially printed at Kinkos. This might also mean that within a couple months I would be saying goodbye to a very proud and intelligent group of young men and women. It seems sad now, especially with looking at Div. 3's that are at this point.

Luckily, it seems as though I still don't have an idea for my Div. 3, and in some ways, this is consoling. I mean, a Div. 3 is nothing to be trifled with. If you really think about it, a Bachelor of Arts is worth very little in the real world, leaving you with nothing but your work to show whomever you may want to work for one day. I knew this when I entered, but seeing as the date of filing is coming near, I realize now that I don't have an idea worth acting upon.

I've gone through hundreds. It's not that inspiration doesn't strike me constantly; it's simply that the inspiration that hits me is stupid. For example, just the other day I'm thinking about the history of the *Omen*, and it hits me in the back of the head like a brick: an *Omen* movie! I could make a movie about the history, the controversy, and the drama of the *Omen*.

All I can say now is, "It seemed brilliant at the time."

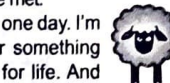
Of course, this isn't the only idea I've had. Others have included 1) "A Tribute to Pink Floyd": a film that plays in sync with the album *The Wall*, 2) a movie in which a space hitchhiker picks up an astronaut and they don't have anything to talk about until the truck driver's home planet blows up, 3) a written paper on the study of successful and not so successful satire, 4) a new black and white film that

incorporates actual shots from early Laurel and Hardy films WELL, so that they seem like real characters in it, 5) an intellectual porno, 6) an intellectual monster movie, 7) an intellectual monster porno, 8) an expose on arcades and why they are diminishing in this country, 9) a documentary on the miniature golf championships held in Arizona yearly, 10) a country wide search to see if I can get myself to buy the same license plate tag in every state, 11) a piece of video art in which age old jokes are acted out for the camera (such as "A man walks into a bar. Ouch!").

On top of these ideas, I've thought of 12) reviving the show "Rowan and Martin's Laugh In" for the next generation, 13) a science fiction movie about space DJs and the misinformation they get about the government being overthrown, 14) a documentary about Karl Moore as he does a documentary about Mark Hugo, 15) making up a list of six hundred ways to stop being yourself (because no one likes you), 16) a website dedicated to complementing you in a different way every time you go to it, 17) making a strong attempt to create a vortex to another dimension, 18) three words: *Wayne's World 3* (except now it's Wayne and Garth's kids!), 19) three more words: *They Live ... Again!*, 20) going on leave for three semesters and waiting for the school to finally go under financially.

Well, after looking at my list, it just occurs to me that it seems I've only been spending \$130,000 all this time on Napster, anime, and the occasional misuse of illegal materials. Of course, I'll never forget these four years at Hampshire nor the people I've met.

Actually, I probably will, one day. I'm sure I have Alzheimer's or something and that will debilitate me for life. And then I'll die.



## policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's bi-weekly Free Speech Magazine, established by Stephanie A. Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, hate rants, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation. Writing that falls under this category is just not an option in this forum.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except in cases of spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing

to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that whatever you give us to publish you must stand behind. Views of contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the *Omen* staff writers.

Every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue, staff policy, and the location of that week's orgy.

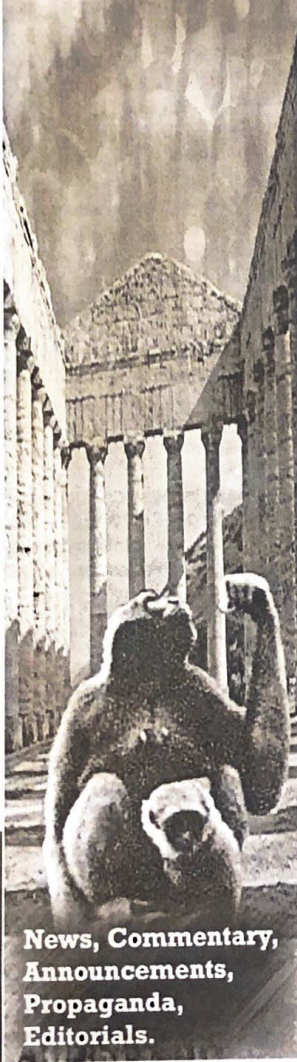
The *Omen* is here to serve you. What better way to be heard than to have what you have to say printed 700 times and distributed over the entire campus ... and beyond?



9 MARCH, 2001

BY MICHAEL BENNI PIERCE

# SECTION SPEAK



News, Commentary,  
Announcements,  
Propaganda,  
Editorials.

## A LETTER TO YANINA VARGAS

From: wilderworks@juno.com  
To: yvargas@hampshire.edu  
Date: Sun, 27 Feb 2000 02:46:33 -0500  
Subject: Concerning the future of the *Omen*.

Yanina,

My name is Jason Wilder Konschak. Perhaps you remember me. I was an orientation leader last semester, leading "Writing from the Spine," a group that focused on writing, the responsibility of authorship, and publishing on Hampshire campus. I am a senior staff member of the *Omen*, and have been art editor all this year, being responsible for layout and artistic decisions beyond my contributions as a writer. After working a long time to change the *Omen* purely through the content I contributed, this year I'm in a position where I might effect immediate change. I've worked to clarify our submission policies, have tried to make the *Omen* more contributor-based. Nevertheless, this has become especially difficult recently. I am writing to you on my own behalf. The *Omen* staff has no official leaders or policies, and so it is up to each contributor to individually work toward change. This is my own effort, but I speak in agreement with the general mood of the staff, and with the support of our charter.

Let me put it simply: I want to make the *Omen* more inclusive and I don't know how. The *Omen* is an open forum, bound by its promise to print all submissions, and I am proud of that. However, the *Omen* has a long history. Though it once had "Section Love" to balance its "Section Hate," its reputation in recent years has been one I'm NOT proud of. Its been called sexist, racist, and stupid.

As editor, I've included new section dividers (Section Speak, Section Sweet, etc), hoping to imply the diversity of content that we were looking for, but those sections remain empty. I've tried to promote intellectual discussions, based in fact, about the issues of last year. I've tried to make the covers and posters less topic-based, more universal (so as not to imply a "staff opinion," since there isn't one). In short, I've done everything I can imagine to expand the *Omen*, to cry for contributors, to ask those who criticize the *Omen* to change it by writing in it. I've done this personally and

WRITTEN AND SUBMITTED BY: J. WILDER KONSCHAK

publicly, but have been almost entirely unheard. I believe the *Omen* is more under attack now than it ever has been before, and I'm getting very tired. I don't want to see this staff, a staff of good people, worn out by this struggle. I don't want to see them give up. I want the *Omen* to be a forum for the WHOLE campus, without sacrificing its promises of free-speech.

The personal attacks I've received are exhausting, and drain me of good faith. The recent graffiti, the tearing down of our recent posters (posters with simple text and an uncontroversial message), and the fact that more than 400 issues of the recent *Omen* were thrown in the garbage on two occasions, not to mention various e-mails, where we've been called "assholes" and "pitiful people," all these things make me unspeakably sad. We are a new staff, and we are being attacked because of a REPUTATION, because of a prejudice, because of an inaccurate public impression of incomplete history.

Yet, no one (and I mean NO ONE, we've gotten very few submissions this semester, and almost none from new people) doing the attacking is doing anything constructive to change the *Omen*; they are only acting to give it a bad name and to destroy it. The *Omen* is changed only by active contribution, not by anger and criticism alone. Our members have been called bigots and race traitors, our members of color, and our female members, have been both singled-out and disregarded, and in the end, feel that their contributions and presence are ignored. I feel that way myself. I've been told by many individuals that people "do not believe we really mean our policy."

Let me say this: I WANT submissions from everyone, especially from our critics, from those deeply upset by our very existence. The staff is truly ready to risk everything for its policy. We will, and want, to print everything. We want the *Omen* to be the possession of the whole campus. This is the only strong, regular publication we have. Thus, I'm writing you to ask you: please help us get submissions. Our problem with submissions has gone beyond that of a paper looking for content: the *Omen* is a Hampshire institution, one whose content affects the lives of this campus' people. This institution has been categorized as an enemy to students of color and to women, and that is a horrifying and inaccurate category.

The current staff is composed of understanding people, and we know that others may be offended by some of what we print (WE are offended by some of what we print), but those who are offended need to stop anonymously and destructively responding, villainizing us and building up stereotypes about us. So I ask again, please help us to get submissions, please help make this institution more diverse, and more representative of this campus. I do not know how to do this, but perhaps you do. I want the campus to see both sides of this issue, I want everyone to feel access to the *Omen* (since they truly have it). I want to stop receiving anonymous hate mail, I want to stop being called a liar, a bigot, and a sexist. I came to this campus to fight these things, and now, because I have stepped up to change the *Omen*, and associated my name with it, I am being villainized. Many of us feel the same. This is not right.

Please respond with any suggestions, or take any steps you feel necessary to make the *Omen* really what its policy promises: an open, unedited, fully-free forum FOR EVERYONE.

J Wilder Konschak  
Greenwich 26A, x5851  
Omen Editor; Darwin's Kids Producer  
<http://www.angelfire.com/nj2/wilderworks>





# BYRONESQUE INTERDISCIPLINARY

HAMPSHIRE BINGO				
MARK	INTERNALIZED OPPRESSION	FOUCAULT	POSTCOLONIAL	ZINE
PARADIGM	THE EVILS OF THE PRIVATE PRISON INDUSTRY	DECONSTRUCT	ALL YOUR BASE	HEGEMONY
MALE GAZE	DIALECTIC	<i>free space</i>	FREE TIBET	CULTURAL THEFT
"I'M SPIRITUAL NOT RELIGIOUS"	INTERPRETIVE DANCE	GENDER	RACE	CLASS
RECONTEXTUALIZE	POSTMODERN	YO	ECOFEMINISM	MISREPRESENTATION

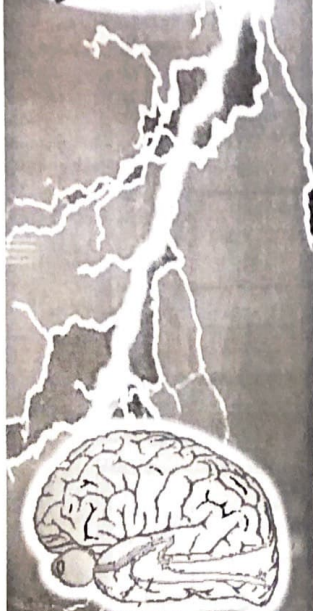
HAMPSHIRE BINGO				
GENDER (verb)	PARADIGM	DISCOURSE	HEGEMONY	YURT
MALE GAZE	POSTCOLONIAL	CHOMSKY	META- (prefix)	RECONTEXTUALIZE
GENDER, RACE, CLASS (all in one sentence)	SOCIAL CONSTRUCT	<i>free space</i>	OTHERIZE	POLYAMORY
HUMMUS	MUMIA	EXPERIENTIAL	SCHOOL OF THE AMERICAS	GENDER (noun)
REPRESENTATION	IMAGE (verb)	DECONSTRUCT	ANI DIFRANCO	REIFY

# NEOSHAMANIST GEOPOLITICAL OPPRESSORS

HAMPSHIRE BINGO				
WASSUP	MEGA-NARRATIVE	EXPERIENTIAL	NEO-SHAMANISM	PHALLO-CENTRIC
SAFE SPACE	THE EVILS OF THE PRIVATE PRISON INDUSTRY	INTERNALIZED OPPRESSION	SUSTAINABILITY	HEGEMONY
MALE GAZE	MAOISM	<i>free space</i>	PROACTIVE	CULTURAL THEFT
HETERO-SEXIST	THE PORNOGRAPHY OF ____	DIALECTIC	CAPITALIST WHITE-SUPREMACIST PATRIARCHAL CONSPIRACY	NON-LINEAR
ZINE	OTHERIZE	WHITE PRIVILEGE	BUILDING COMMUNITY	RECONTEXTUALIZE

HAMPSHIRE BINGO				
VAGINA	TORQUE	PROACTIVE	COMMUNITY-BASED	GENTRIFICATION
REIFY	TIGHT (meaning "good")	HEGEMONY	INTERNALIZED OPPRESSION	DIVERSITY
IMPERIALISM	DIALECTIC	<i>free space</i>	OBJECT-FICTION	OTHERIZE
GLOBALIZATION	SHIFTING THE PARADIGM	POSTCOLONIAL	bell hooks	YURT
PHALLO-CENTRIC	MUSIQUE CONCRETE	MISAPPROPRIATION	META- (prefix)	CULTURAL THEFT

# SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,  
SATIRE, AND  
OTHER STUFF

## ZAK KAUFFMAN SAVES THE DAY

**T**his is a story. But stop! Don't turn the page. Because it's all true. It happened during my first year here at Hampshire, ten years ago (yes, I am a tenth year Div 1), and it changed the course of history as we know it. It begins like this:

It was dinnertime in Saga, and the place was bustling. The food was amazingly good for a Friday, and the conversation was lighthearted, inspired by the abundance of good things to eat.

"So, you don't think Elvis is dead?"

"No. I mean, he died, but then he was reincarnated as the squirrel that lives in my heater."

"Hmm...."

Suddenly, into this scene of joyous intellectual exchanges burst the sound of gunshot coming from the other room. Screams followed, and chaos reigned supreme. People hid under tables, and I grabbed my arch nemesis, Moose, to use as a human shield. Unfortunately, she was attempting to return the favour, and we ended up in a wrestling match under a chair. Three men dressed in nylon suits decorated with the Canadian flag marched into the room like some kind of Olympic athletic contingent, only with big shiny guns pointed at us.

"We want the *Omen* staff, ey!!" one of them screamed. We all cowered in fear of his insidious Canadian accent. "Give us the *Omen*, and no one gets hurt, ey!!"

I looked around. No one moved a muscle. Then, the hero to end all heroes stood up. His name, which will forever grace the halls of Saga, was **Zak Kauffman**.

The rest of us joined him, and, soon after, Benni and Wilder were brought in from the back room, where they had been found cowering behind the soft-serve machine. We stood there, a wall of pure *Omenness*, and at the front was our hero, **Zak Kauffman**.

Our hero spoke up. "What do you want with us?"

"*The Omen* is a threat to Canadians everywhere, ey, so we're shutting you down, ey"

"Yeah, yeah," his comrades agreed.

They took us to the pub lab, and locked us in. Once a day they passed in a plateful of the worst Saga food they could find, and every morning they counted us to make sure we were all there. We plunged into deep despair....well, all of us except Benni and Wilder. They struck a deal with the Canadians: they get take out from Papa John's, in exchange for loads of American money. But the rest of us were miserable: without *The Omen* we were nothing.

But our hero, **Zak Kauffman**, was there to save the day. After three days of torture, he stood up and said "We're not gonna take this, are we?" (blaring inspirational theme music) "We're the *Omen*. We stand up in the face of adversity, and we flip God the bird and we say 'Fuck you' to everyone who would put us down. Even Canadians. Especially Canadians."

We all stood up and cheered, and our hero, **Zak Kauffman**, took a

BY JENNIFER JYMM CIFORD

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

## GABE MCKEE IS NOT A CASH MONEY MILLIONAIRE



BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO

**S**o it turns out Gabe McKee is no good in bed. You would think that someone who is doing his Division III on Dick would be better suited to such tasks. This is not the only reason Gabe is a fucker. There are innumerable reasons, each more chock full of latent fuckerness than the last.

(1) Gabe got me caned in Singapore. The bastard put his smuggled heroin into my duffle bag when we were going through customs. He laughed while they repeatedly lashed my bare buttocks. I dulled the pain by thinking of different ways to kill him and then pickle his remains.

(2) Gabe bragged about admissions taking his picture to put in the brochure. I would pity him, but my heart holds nothing but contempt. I will capitalize the 'K' in McKee with the sole intention of irritating him.

(3) Gabe calls my *Omen* articles words like "prolethic," "muniscant," and "viscorous." I know he just makes those words up. I think it brings him sexual arousal. That is simply sick. The

profundity of my disgust is bottomless.

(4) Gabe's poetry doesn't rhyme. He thinks he is being clever, but he's not. He is just a small, small man.

(5) Gabe uses the adjective form of Foucault, Foucauldian. This probably means he has small genetalia. Gabe lacks the bling bling and the ching ching. He will never be an extra in a DMX video.

(6) Gabe had to move to Enfield because he was too pretentious for Prescott. Think about that hard, really hard. Then throw a brick at Gabe next time you see him.

(7) Gabe once came up to me and said "Jeffrey, I think little of you. I take great glee in mocking your personal philosophy." And I only asked him for a stamp so I could mail a get well card to my sick aunt. He works in the post office for god sakes. I hope a mule kicks him in the head.

(8) Gabe irrevocably scarred the members of his Fall 1999 orientation group. When he did trust falls with his, he would purposely

position them over jagged rocks and then let them drop.

(9) Gabe thinks that *Rubber Soul* is the best Beatles album. Everyone knows it's *Abbey Road*, ass. In my presence he referred to "Here Comes the Sun" as a "mild-ding, subpar effort." He knows it is my favorite Beatles song. I want to stab him through the kidneys with a stiletto.

(10) Gabe created a voodoo doll in my image and stuck a pin in the chest. I got tuberculosis, jackass. I wait for the day that the African killer bees migrate to his mod.

Ten reasons are related here, but there are more, many more. Secretly, we all mock him, often to his face.

Until next time, Gabe better keep his grubby hands off this article. It was bad enough when he plagiarized me in his paper on Sub-Saharan Anthropology. He knows jack about the bone structure of the Central African Cro-Magnon. It's intellectual property, Gabe. Stop looking at it with those lustful eyes.



## ZAK KAUFFMAN SAVES...

## continuations

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

victory lap around the pub lab. Then we got down to business. First we tied Benni and Wilder up and stole all of their cash. Then we used the cash to get the guard to bring us a roll of toilet paper. And some good food. We were then forced to kill Benni and Wilder. Our hero, **Zak Kauffman**, regretted this, but we needed their blood to write our hate rants on the roll of toilet paper. We wrote pages upon pages of whiny articles about Canada. We bitched about the lousy food, we cursed Mike's Hard Lemonade, and we disavowed ice hockey. Finally, it was done. They sent me, toilet paper strapped to my butt, through the ventilation shaft to duplications. It was tough, and they asked alot of questions there, but I made it back to the pub lab in time for roll count.

The next week, the *Omen* came out as usual. The writing of our hero, **Zak Kauffman**, stirred up so much anti-Canadian sentiment on campus that the Canadians fled in fear of their lives. Our hero, **Zak Kauffman**, was promoted to King, and everyone lived Happily Ever After.





## MY ZEN GARDEN GOT KNOCKED ON THE FLOOR

BY J. WILDER KONSCHAK

**D**r. Wilder had his first Transcendental Thought while watching *The Matrix*.

"There is no spoon," he realized, and everything changed. A warm light fell around him, and a profound sensation of peace descended upon him. He heard the music of the universe humming for just a moment, a peaceful and glorious melody, and for a time, he stood at the center of galaxy, everything a part of him, him a part of everything, and everything turning as one.

"There is no spoon," he said quietly to himself, and he knew that it was the first Transcendent Thought. Society had finally reached the magnificent point that had been long awaited by philosophers: it was on the path to universal peace. Only Four Transcendent Thoughts remained to be had, and after those thoughts were thought, all of Earth would live as one.

"Finally," he said, standing. "We have freed ourselves from the circle of growth, decadence, decay, and collapse — pop culture has provided us with the first step. There is no spoon."

He went to the refrigerator, trying to hold onto the splendid feeling of unity that was too quickly fading, unsupported by the Four other thoughts. He got himself a Toaster Strudel.

"Surely, others have recognized this thought, others have felt the rush of perfection. What makes

this different," he thought, "is that I have both watched *The Matrix* and played the computer game, *Alpha Centauri*. This game, though it was not necessarily transcendent in itself (how could a turn-based strategy game ever hope to be so, in an era of real-time strategy?), it did lay the groundwork with its prediction of the form that Transcendence would take. It told me: there will be Five Transcendent thoughts, resulting from five schools of learning, five institutions of cultural thought. After those Five Transcendent thoughts are shared, there will be no more need for money or for war. All will be well, and though the game will not end, it will be over, it will be won. Yes, *Alpha Centauri* has spoken, and *The Matrix* has answered. There is no spoon."

Dr. Wilder took the strudel from the oven and thought of his next step.

"I must find the other Four Thoughts," he said. "They are out there - out there in our advanced Western America Culture. For the good of humanity, for the good of all living things, Dr. Wilder will find the remaining Four Transcendent thoughts." He stuffed the second strudel in his mouth. "I leave today."

He did not pack. All he took with him was an electric shaver, a desk lamp, a typewriter, and a camping chair, which conveniently folded into a small shoulder-bag, but still had room for a cupholder. (Admittedly, the cupholder only fit cans

and very small cups, but as a pre-Transcendent technology, it was nonetheless quite impressive.) With a cigarette dangling from his lip, and no helmet, Dr. Wilder leapt onto his motorcycle and headed out across the country, certain that it would be no more than a week before he found the remaining steps to cosmic enlightenment. All he needed was to think of a place to look.

"There is no spoon," Dr. Wilder whispered again, sitting in a rest-stop McDonalds, somewhere on the Northern legs of I-95. It still filled him with contentment - and little by little, he truly knew, "There is NO spoon." He found new meaning each time he moved the sentence's stress. "There is no SPOON," he mused. "THERE is no spoon."

Then it occurred to him: double stress. "There is NO SPOON. THERE is NO spoon." He sighed. He was almost not worthy of such satisfaction, and yet, at that rate, he might think up the other Transcendent thoughts himself.

"Speaking of which," he said, even though he wasn't speaking of it at all, "I've been looking for almost three days, and not a sign! I must clear my head and think - I'm certain the answer is right before my eyes!"

Stuffing his face with various selections from the Dollar Menu, Dr. Wilder sat back and turned things over in his head. He was in

his camping chair, and it helped him to think. The McDonalds staff had glared disapprovingly at him as he unfolded it, but he shouted to them, "There IS NO spoon!" and they were so overcome with understanding and tolerance, they began giving out their burgers for cost: three cents a piece.

"The answer is here before you, Dr. Wilder!" he said then. At that, his eyes truly opened, and he saw what was TRULY there before him: a brown McDonald's bag. He sat forward. His heart pounded as he turned the bag. There, on its side, he found these words: "FAST. FRESH. JUST FOR YOU."

All the blood went from his face. He held his breath for so long, time must have stopped, for certainly he would have suffocated otherwise. This, this here, was the Second Transcendent Thought. He'd learned from the school of pop movies, and now, form the school of pop food. All the world enjoyed McDonalds, just as all the world enjoyed the films of Hollywood: "Fast. Fresh. Just for you."

"There is no spoon..." Dr. Wilder muttered. Then, holding that thought in his head, he said, "Fast. Fresh. Just for you." The two together synchronized, and

he quickly blurted, "THERE IS NO SPOON!" with the stress on EVERY syllable. "THERE IS NO SPOON!" he shouted. "FAST. FRESH. JUST FOR YOU!"

Dr. Wilder screamed frantically, jumping around, and every one left the rest stop, screeching with joy. Such happiness had never been seen, except perhaps in those photographs representing the end of W.W.II, and the return of the troops to their beloved. But this was better - much better. It was in color, and there was lots of pop music to play on the stereo.

"Pop music! The third school!"

On the road, Dr. Wilder screamed at every passing car. "There is no spoon!" he called. "Fast! Fresh! Just for you!" The lucky few heard and understood him. Those few then sighed with delight and pulled of the side of the road. Once there, they'd pick flowers and sing songs. Most of them sang, "Like a Prayer," Madonna's dance masterpiece, beloved by people the world over.

Within two hours, three back SUV surrounded Dr. Wilder's motorcycle. He shouted his message of enlightenment to them, but they did not hear: classical music was blaring loudly within

the reflective windows. "Pull over and surrender yourself!" a voice barked over a loud speaker.

"THERE IS NO SPOON!" Dr. Wilder replied.

A black helicopter veered in above him. "There is no reason to evade us. You have no chance of escaping. A barrage of ICBMs are trained on you."

Too at peace to really resist, Dr. Wilder pulled over and put his hands on his head. Men in dark suits, all with classical music playing in their ear pieces, confiscated his supplies, loaded up his bike, and pushed him aboard the helicopter. There, in the soundproof hold of the helicopter, Dr. Wilder was face-to-face with a large flat-screen TV. On it appeared a fat old man in a white suit.

"There is no use in trying to influence me, good doctor. Everything you say is being filtered through a computer ... it is clear to us that you've uncovered more than one of the Subversive Ideals. You've come further than anyone ever has — and you must be stopped."

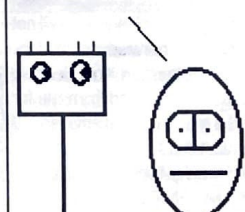
"Fast! Fresh! Just for you!" Dr. Wilder shouted.

"Oh, shut up," he said. "You're going to be killed."

TO BE CONTINUED.

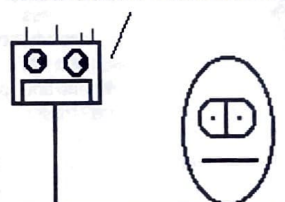


Steven, what's  
being Irish like?

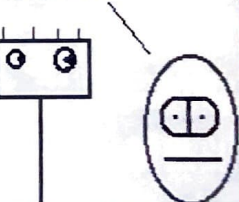


Screamin' Steven

BLEEAAAAAARRGHHH!



I don't speak  
Gaelic.



BY KARL MOORE

# SECTION HATE

We hate so  
you don't  
have to.



## ...OH, AND YOU TOO.

As anyone who knows me knows—there aren't many things that I like. Or, at least it seems that way initially. Let me just get it right out there. I hate the *Peanuts* comic strip, most especially Snoopy. I don't like chocolate. I hate cats, including kittens. I hate *Seinfeld*. I am not impressed by The Beatles. I find David Letterman annoying to no end. The hatred and detestation of the aforementioned items has caused me so much strife, this year especially for some reason, that I just had to address it.

We will start with the *Peanuts*. OK...they are not funny. They never were funny—or even mildly entertaining. I used to dread the days when my little brother would take out the Charlie Brown tapes...*Bon Voyage, Charlie Brown; It's The Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown; You're A Stupid Motherfucker, Charlie Brown*—they actually have one called *It's Arbor Day, Charlie Brown*. What the fucking fuck? There are over 40 of those Charlie Brown specials. Just thinking about them all makes me want to take a torch to the Schultz estate. Don't get me wrong, everyone has to make a living and I'm sorry that the man died, but why was he able to amass millions by making shoddy, wiggly characters with fat heads say unintelligent and simply not funny lines? Pisses me off. And Snoopy...little silent bastard. Red Baron this, you fucker. I hate you.

When it comes to chocolate—what can I say? I just don't

like the stuff. Chocolate ice cream and hot fudge especially. Nasty!

With cats, it's kind of a weird thing. Up until I was about 15, all I wanted was a kitten. I was going to name it Kitty. We always had dogs growing up, and I loved them, but I thought a kitty-cat was the right pet for me. Then one night I was baby-sitting at my neighbor's house, and their three cats were creeping me out the whole night. If I was sitting on the couch they'd jump up behind my head, and they'd just glare at me with those soulless, mirrored eyes. Not long after that, a kitten, a teeny-tiny thing, followed me home from a walk one day. My parents thought I brought it, cause at that time they thought I still wanted a cat, which I still sort of did. But no, it followed me. I took care of it and fed it and was extra nice to it, and how did it repay me? It scratched the shit out of my arms and ran away into the woods. I hope a fucking coyote ate the thing. After being scratched and bitten by a few other cats my decision was final. Listen to Stephen Lynch's "Kill A Kitten" and laugh along with me.

The Beatles—ugh. I admit that I own their "new" 1s album. I don't exactly hate the Beatles, in fact, I like some of their early stuff, but I do not agree that they are the greatest band that ever lived. If it weren't them, then they happened to hit at the right time and good for them. It was all a matter of timing and luck and you will not convince me otherwise, so don't try.

David Letterman and *Seinfeld* pretty much get hatred from me for the same reasons. That arrogant, "I We am/are the funniest most original and wacky thing to ever exist." NO YOU AREN'T. I have been known to leave rooms when *Seinfeld* comes on—and come on it will—it's on about

BY AUNDRIA L. THEOCLES

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

## DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XM

by M. Zole ★

www.zole.org

PLEASE GIVE ME PIE.

NO.

1

2

PLEASE, I'M BEGGING YOU. IF YOU HAVE ANY SOUL YOU WILL GIVE ME PIE.

NO.

1

2

VERY WELL. YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE.

1

2

HERE WE GO. MEET VLADIMIR, MY PONY.

GYAAAA  
AAAAAA  
AAAAAA!

1

2

HE IS ACTUALLY A ROCK PAINTED TO RESEMBLE A PONY BUT YOU SEEM TO BE FRIGHTENED ANYWAY.

GYAAAAAA  
AAAAAA  
AAAAAA  
AAAAAA  
AAAAAA

1

2

ALL RIGHT! YOU CAN HAVE PIE! JUST TAKE THE PONY AWAY!

ROCK-PONY.

WHATEVER.

1

2

You got the Pie!

1

2

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I... I DON'T LIKE PIE...

1

2

fin

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE  
five different stations like, three times a day. God, I fucking hate that show. And Letterman...Letterman is just a jackass. The only thing cool about him is that Norm MacDonald used to do a killer impersonation of what a jackass he is. I love Drew Barrymore, but I don't understand why she has crushed on him for most of her life. I

mean...ew.

I'm not saying that it's wrong to like the things that I hate. Of course I realize that people love and adore them. And I also realize there are things that I love that other people probably hate: *Will and Grace*, Henry Rollins, cooking shows, *ER*, magazines like *Cosmo* and *Made-*

*moiselle*, *Friends*, and *N'Sync* for example. And I don't care. Hate away. But next time I roll my eyes when "Hey Jude" comes on the radio, or I scowl when someone clicks over to CBS at 11:35 instead of the WB...just leave me alone and let me hate in peace and quiet.



# ALTERNATIVE TO INSANITY

BY DORIAN GITTLEMAN

I may be the first Omen writer to say that I DON'T think Community Council is a crock of shit. At the same time, I am also one of the people more vocally opposed to council, because I firmly believe that there is a better option for student "governance" out there: the all-community meeting. Why, when we have such a small campus, do we need a representational democracy? If there are decisions to be made, we can make them together, as a community.

Let me make it clear that I have the utmost respect for the members of Community Council as individuals. I think many of them work very hard to try and make this college better, and I think they have the students' best interests at heart. That doesn't mean they need to represent our interests, when we can so easily represent our own. Try and hear me out.

We have a campus of approximately twelve hundred students. If every one of them decided to come to a community meeting, we could still fit in the RCC. There is no reason that everyone who has an opinion can't also have a vote. On a campus this size, direct democracy is a perfectly feasible thing. Issues which affect a large portion of the student body should be addressed by a large portion of the student body. Here is a new plan for how government should be run on Hampshire College Campus.

Every Tuesday at 3:30, there will be an all-community meeting in the RCC. It will be at 3:30 because classes have already been scheduled so that students DO NOT have class then. I wish there were some way to get people with work-study jobs out of work from

3:30 to 5:00, but they should be able to send a proxy voter if they cannot attend the meeting. Meetings should never take a long period of time, because there will be no actual debate, only question and answer sessions. Any debate will have already taken place, as I shall now explain. Agendas for the ACM will be posted, along with the full documentation of any proposals, at least a week before the meeting.

Meetings shouldn't take place more than every other week, unless a campus emergency comes up. The agenda/proposals will be placed on an open forum like the Daily Jolt, where people can debate the proposals once they've been posted. Any changes made to the proposals due to public debate can also be posted on the forum. On the day of the vote, people will show up to the ACM, prepared to ask any questions not addressed on the forum. There will be an overview given of the proposal, questions will be asked, and then there will be a vote. There is no room for actual debate in a meeting with one hundred people or more, but there shouldn't need to be debate.

Everyone can vote according to what they think, instead of having to think for anyone else. As for voting, there are a couple ways we could do it. If it seems like an issue that most people feel one way about, then there could simply be a hand raising, yay or nay, once the proposal was given. If there is no clear majority, then we could have a written vote. Pieces of paper would be distributed to students who would write their answers down and put them in a box on the way out. There could

be a list of students posted on the wall, and people could just check their name off. I honestly don't think Hampshire students would bother to try and throw a vote one way or another. That would take too much effort.

Now, as for who would be in charge of the meetings, that would be a member of the agenda committee. The committee would have no real power, but their duties would be as follows:

1. They would have to monitor the online forum. Not often, just enough to make sure that it keeps running and that any legitimate questions are addressed.

2. They would need to write out the agenda for the upcoming meeting and post it to the forum. If someone has a proposal which they want voted on, then they have to send it to the committee, although the proposer would need to take care of posting it to the forum on their own.

3. The committee would be responsible for meeting with the administration, should it be necessary. They would need to give the results of any vote to the administration.

4. Committee members should stay up to date on all proposals taking place during their time in office, which would be short. I think a semester would be good. Anyone should be able to be on the agenda committee. It could even be like jury duty, randomly selected, except people would have the right to turn it down.

5. Committee members would run the meeting, only not really. They would call on the various people making proposals, and those making proposals would run their section of the meeting. Com-

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

# TOM'S DAD RIGGED THE GRAMMYS

BY TOM O'CONNOR

If you know me at all, you know that I watched the Grammys on Wednesday the 21st. My modmates and I all sat in our common space, eager to yell at the screen in a rage over who won what award, because we all knew that the people we wanted to win simply wouldn't.

The ceremony opened with Madonna performing her song "Music." This was the best performance of the evening. Lots of cool dancing, Madonna's regular backup singers, and even Lil' Bow Wow was in it for a couple seconds. Okay, the Lil' Bow Wow thing was unimpressive, I hate that little shit, but I was surprised because Madonna almost never shares the stage with another performer. She's done a song with Ricky Martin and Babyface... that's all that spring to mind right now. Anyway, all of the other performances went downhill for the rest of the night.

'NSync, Destiny's Child, and U2 - Rage Against The Machine "Guerrilla Radio". No qualms here. I'm just SO happy Kid Rock and Limp Bizkit didn't win. Best Female R&B Vocal - Toni Braxton "He Wasn't Man Enough". Pshaw. Erykah Badu should have won for "Bag Lady". I'm pissed. Best Short Form

UMass class. Oh, and there was some performance by this guy named Eminem and Sir Alto John or something.

Jon Stewart was the host for the evening. I love this guy. Jon seemed a little awkward hosting this huge event in such a huge arena, but if you know anything about Jon Stewart, it's that his whole comedy schtick is about being awkward.

Now, about the awards. Favorite New Artist - Shelby Lynne. Who the FUCK is this?!? Some country bitch, I'm assuming. It really should have been Jill Scott. Female Pop Vocal - Macy Gray "I Try". Aimee Mann "Save Me" should have won, although the argument about Aimee Mann and Joni Mitchell being nominated in the same category as Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera is indeed a valid one.

Best Hard Rock Performance - Rage Against The Machine "Guerrilla Radio". No qualms here. I'm just SO happy Kid Rock and Limp Bizkit didn't win. Best Female R&B Vocal - Toni Braxton "He Wasn't Man Enough". Pshaw. Erykah Badu should have won for "Bag Lady". I'm pissed. Best Short Form

Music Video - Foo Fighters "Learn to Fly". Nay. It should have been Busta Rhymes "Fire". Best Alternative Album - Radiohead "Kid A". Hey, it's all good.

Record Of The Year - U2 "Beautiful Day". PLEASE! Madonna "Music" or Destiny's Child "Say My Name" of course. Song Of The Year - U2 "Beautiful Day". Come on, guys. This song sucks. Again, it should have been Destiny's Child (a.k.a. Beyonce and The Supremes). Album Of The Year - Steely Dan "Two Against Nature". An outrage. Beck or Radiohead should have won, obviously. God, that makes me angry. My father is the only Steely Dan fan. They didn't give two shits about winning, either. They had a really smug attitude at the podium that only made me want to pummel them, as opposed to outwardly voicing my dislike for them.

Of course, there were more awards given out, and I could go on for ages, but I won't. If you want to know who won, you should have watched them yourself, you lazy fuck. You make me sick...just like Pink said.



## ALTERNATIVE TO INSANITY

## continuations

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

mittee members would only be there to keep track of who is going to talk that day. We do not need a Community Council. We only need people to keep track of the paperwork.

So explain to me why this wouldn't work. Why shouldn't we have direct community involvement instead of a council which most people on this campus either don't like or don't give a shit about? I go to CC meetings. I sit through their endless babble and I come out wanting to take a gun to my head. (And about ten other peoples'.) Most people on this campus are very active, but they aren't active in their own campus because they don't think they can do anything or they don't think it's worth it. I'm telling you, it IS worth it to get involved here. Hampshire College is one of the coolest, most innovative places around. But its students don't have much of a voice. I think that could be changed, if we worked together more. Abolish Community Council, but don't abolish the Community.



## 5+7+5=ARTICLE

Haiku for Omen  
Why write in this form you ask?  
Because I like it.

I am so hungry.  
What to eat? Meatless hot dogs.  
Manna of hippies.

Why the graffiti?  
Talk about cost of Hampshire,  
How much to clean that?

Hampfest was a joke.  
My table was so lonely.  
Why was no one there?

Revamping Div I's  
Every year, now, they do it.  
Again and again.

I think Div I's are  
Just fine, thank you very much.  
Stop messing with them!

I miss Tequila.  
Not Cuervo, but Miss Flynn.  
Keely, please come back!

Loud people party.  
I can hear from my donut.  
Won't you let me sleep?

Snow is good and nice.  
But it's near March, goddammit!  
Where are the flowers?

No more haiku now.  
I must go to class instead.  
Ah, Mount Holyoke.

To see more, go to:  
Haiku.fuzrocks.com  
Over two hundred.

BY KATHLEEN CHADWICK

## RAD IS STILL RAD



BY KARL MOORE

Howdy all, and welcome to the second blockbuster issue of *Rad*! We're still here with the razor sharp analyses of world events, such as the Taliban regime destroying ancient Buddhist statues in Afghanistan (bad??) and the impending release of *Get Over It* in theaters nationwide (nice).

And the short fiction:

"JOHN WINS"

John beat the mayor again and again and again with a hammer. He thought, "Wow, now I'm king of the town."

And the pictures of famous people:



Then there's the music reviews, of course:

Linkin Park's *Hybrid Theory* sounds complicated, but it's not. It's simple and cool!

And, as always, the recipes:

MENUDO

A large saucepan and a *comal* or griddle, plus a spice grinder, 1 calf's foot (about 1 to 1 1/2 pounds), 2 pounds honeycomb tripe, 1 large onion, 3 cloves garlic (peeled), 6 peppercorns, 2 teaspoons salt (or to taste), 4 quarts of water, 3 large chiles anchos, a large chile poblano, peeled or 2 canned, peeled green chiles, 1 pound canned hominy (drained), 1 scant teaspoon oregano.

Have the butcher cut the calf's foot into four pieces. Cut the tripe into small squares. Put them into the pan with the rest of the ingredients. Cover with water and bring to a boil. Lower the flame and simmer uncovered for about 2 hours or until the tripe and foot are just tender but not too soft. Meanwhile, toast the chiles well. Slit them open and remove the seeds and veins from the chile poblano, cut it into strips, and add to the meat while it is cooking. Remove the pieces of calf's foot from the pan, and when they are cool enough to handle, strip off the fleshy parts. Chop them roughly and return them to the pan. Add hominy and continue cooking the menudo slowly, still uncovered, for another 2 hours. Add salt as necessary. Sprinkle with oregano and serve (see note below). This amount is sufficient for 7 or 8 people. It should be served in large, deep bowls with hot tortillas and small dishes of chopped chiles serranos, finely chopped onion and wedges of lime for each person to help himself, along with Salsa de Tomate Verde Cruda to be eaten with tortillas.

Thanks to all who helped make *Rad* such a sterling success and gave me feedback to make this the best issue ever!



SECTION  
SWEET



## REJECTED OMEN COVERS

BY J. WILDER KONSCHAK

# THE OMEN

Hampshire College; Vol. 16: Num 3; March 9th

## Can We Have An



## Office Now, Please?

# THE OMEN

Hampshire College; Vol. 16: Num 3; March 9th

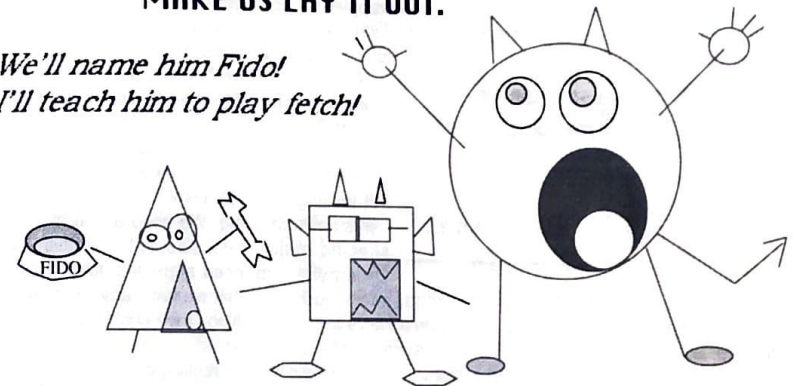
CONTRIBUTE TO DIVERSITY

WE WANT YOUR  
ARTICLES!!

HELP US TO  
GIVE YOU A  
PLACE TO  
SPEAK

MAKE US LOOK DUMB -  
TAKE OVER THE OMEN -  
TELL THE WORLD WE SUCK -  
MAKE US LAY IT OUT.

*We'll name him Fido!  
I'll teach him to play fetch!*



*The Article Goblins get fed up with being associated with this publication and its persistant reputation. They demand a policy of change and out reach, plus a pet puppy dog for the office.*



# Section ZOLE



## MY MOM'S AN ENGLISH TEACHER

BY MICHAEL ZOLE

A few *Omens* ago, I dashed off a Section Zole article that satirized Hampshire's Div I system, and particularly the fact that the requirements for passing a project-based Div I are shrouded in secrecy. I thought my suggestions for new ways to pass Hampshire's wacky requirements were kinda neat, but that's about it.

Now, yesterday there was a meeting about Hampshire's first year program, and my article got mentioned by no less a personage than Mike Ford. I don't know what to say... I'm flattered, really. I didn't go to the meeting, but from what I hear it seems like someone took my article as an indication that students are less than happy with Hampshire's current first year program. That's really cool, as long as they don't use my writing to prove a point I don't agree with. So I went and checked out [firstyear.hampshire.edu](http://firstyear.hampshire.edu) to see what nonsensical requirements are in store for the first-years of tomorrow.

Well, the site needs some work. It flies in the face of everything I learned in my CS Div I on Web site usability, but that's not important. What's important is the hodgepodge of notes and memos on the site. Some of them are interesting: in fact, it seems like Hampshire is even starting to become self-aware. "Our official descriptions of our curriculum tend to be 'contentless'... We have buzzwords without intellectual content."

Yes! Yes we do. Some people also seem to be raising the concern that Hampshire doesn't do a very good job of giving students basic skills to succeed in Div II. And by "basic skills", I think we mean "writing without using comma splices and the world 'hegemony'". As the site puts it, "Div 3 students lack basic skills; they are writing disabled".

So we're in agreement that something needs to be done. However, the last time something needed to be done, we got that ridiculous Multiple Cultural Perspectives requirement, which strikes me as the first step in a Five-Year Plan to convert every Hampshire student to SS. I see a dilemma here: too few requirements, and we get a student body that kicks around Hampshire indefinitely and eventually goes on permanent leave; too many requirements, and Hampshire becomes a much crappier college. After all, a lack of strict academic requirements is what Hampshire is (in)famous for, and maybe there really is academic value in not locking students down to a specific major.

SEE A DILEMMA HERE: TOO FEW REQUIREMENTS, AND WE GET A STUDENT BODY THAT KICKS AROUND HAMPSHIRE INDEFINITELY...

Or maybe I'm just an academic fraud who couldn't write a thesis to save his life. Perhaps I am not the only Hampshire student who feels this way.

As credible as this article has been so far, I'd like to move into the realm of conjecture. While the first year program (hell, the whole

Div system) does need some revision, I think most of Hampshire's problem lies in the student body. Show of hands: how many of you Hampshire students came to this God-forsaken school with the idea that Hampshire would be a cog in the wheel of your brazen youthful plan for freeing Mumia, putting Nader into office, or eradicating the slaughter of poor defenseless animals by making everyone a vegan? Oh, come on, admit it. If the campus wasn't chock full of people with a strong agendas, we might not have such a big problem with people who show up at Hampshire expecting it to be a hyper-liberal activist paradise and leave when Hampshire tries to prepare them for the real world, where spelling counts. And no, I don't consider myself one of these people.

So, I ask you: does Hampshire really need a better first year program? Other than not knowing what the hell a Div I is, my first year went just fine, and I didn't even come here for the academics. I'm just here for the single rooms. (I sure lied my ass off on my application!) I think Hampshire needs better marketing. We need a little more structure, sure, but more than that we need applicants to acknowledge that we have any structure at all. Also, if we could stop calling the dining commons "saga", that would be really great.

That said, Sugar's album *File Under: Easy Listening* is good. You should rescue it from a used bin somewhere.



## I ONLY MAKE COMMITMENTS TO MY CAR (AND HERE'S WHY)



Cheshire Cat Inc.

BY DORIAN GITTLEMAN

He looks at me as if to say, "Well bitch, your move." And here I am, on the crazy chessboard we call life, and you know what? I got nothin. This is my metaphorical world of literal pain.

It's December eighteenth, and I'm home for the first time since I went to college in August. This should be the best part of my day during the best part of my break. Theoretically. And why am I bitching? Because I have just spotted my ex-boyfriend, love of my life, in a button-down, collared denim shirt with khakis and loafers. What the fuck. If I'd caught him like this while we were together, his balls would have been on a plaque over my bed. But we're not together anymore. This is the look he's got going for whatever girl he's got catering to his sexual whims right now. Oh look, there she is now.

She's got red hair and a figure I thought Playboy just made up. While I'm normally a pretty confident person, I have to admit, this girl hurts. She's not even slutty. No, she's very cute, very Banana Republic. And she's nice. I find this out when he dares to bring her over.

"Hi Dori, I'd like you to meet Michelle." Dori. He calls me Dori. This was very cute when we were together, but god-dammit, my name is Dorian, and he can get it right.

A little background on this name thing. I met my boyfriend in May. We were chill, friendly, but there was nothing. Then I left for

Europe and he went to Milwaukee. We got back, and somewhere in the three weeks we were gone, he got it into his head that my name was Dori. We started dating with him still thinking my name was Dori. I got around to making the correction before it got REALLY embarrassing, but the Dori thing stuck. Cute. If you're fucking on a regular basis. NOT CUTE when you're introduced to your replacement. Show a little respect, you bastard.

"Hi." I don't really have anything to say beyond that.

"It's so nice to meet you!" Michelle sticks out her hand like she's at an interview for a job. Honey, you already got it. I'd just like to take it back from you.

I try not to shake her hand like it's covered in shit. "A pleasure, I'm sure."

"I've heard so much about you from Jay."

"I'm surprised you're still talking to me." Actually, I am, if he told her the truth I'm desperate to ask if she knows how old I am. \*Are you aware that when your human sweater and I were together, it was illegal in forty-eight states?"

She laughs. She's nervous. Good. "How long have you two been together?" I ask. I will be nice, I will be nice.

"Since September." Ouch. OUCH. MOTHERFUCKER! We broke up August twenty-sixth. Can you get why I'm pissed?

"Wow." Awkward silence. "Jay told me you were at college. What year are you?" Guess

that means she hasn't found out about his Hubert Humbert complex yet. I won't help her out.

"I'm a senior this year. Working on my thesis in cross-generational relationships."

"How nice." Another awkward silence.

"So...what are you lovebirds doing for Christmas?"

Jay looks about ready to kill me, but some reason, he doesn't. "We're going up to Michelle's family's. She's from Indianapolis."

"Great."

Michelle jumps in. I don't know why she's so anxious to be cutsey and nice, but she's gonna be the death of all of us. "We're also going to celebrate his birthday. He's finally turning thirty." Please excuse me while I die now.

"That's wonderful. I'm so glad he can spend his birthday with such a nice girl." I'm being sarcastic and I think it shows, because she doesn't smile. In fact, her whole façade of niceness is starting to break. It shows around the eyes. I smile because I'm winning.

"Michelle is a nice girl. I don't deserve her." Jay puts his arm around her protectively. "Back off bitch," that's what he's really saying. And I do. I pick up my coffee and put on my coat.

"Nice meeting you."

"Nice meeting you."

I walk out the door and don't look back. I should have won, since I kept my dignity. But I feel like I'm knocked off the board.



J'accuse!



## A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND

BY GABRIEL MCKEE

I would like to open my article by stating for the record that Jeffrey Paternostro smells bad, wears dumb hats, and hits like a girl. Thus all he says is invalid.

Now, on to more important matters. Namely, our campus' dining commons. As some of you may know, I live in the on-campus housing known in the common Hampshire parlance as "the mods." This means I am not required to be on the Sodexo-Marriott meal plan, and thus I am not. So I don't go to the Gregory S. Prince, Jr. Dining Commons (known to most of you as "Saga," or maybe as "Epic" or "Long Heroic Narrative") very often. In the last six months, I've been there so few times I can count them without taking off my shoes—no small feat in a world where so many things come in quantities greater than ten.

It's a bit scary, really. (Saga, that is—not things that come in quantities greater than ten.) It feels like a high school cafeteria. It's full of first-years I've never seen before, and will likely never see again. And they're all eating food.

A brief side-note on eating: it's weird. Eating, that is. Just weird. Think about it.

So anyway, Saga is full of first-years. In the front, middle, and back rooms—but not in the food. God, I hope not. There are enough bugs and the like in there already. But no, the first-years consume the food. In Saga. I don't. I generally eat in my mod. Like cereal or couscous or something. These first-years I'm talk-

ing about—they don't. They've got their dorm-routine: wake up in the dorm. Go to either eat breakfast or class or to pee or something. Go back to the dorm. Go to eat in the other building again.

This probably doesn't strike you as strange.

A brief side-note: a bird just flew by my window.

You probably don't think it's strange at all. Because you probably live in the dorms. With all those hundreds of first-years. I have nightmares about that sometimes. That, and about large pieces of machinery falling on me. Those are my nightmares. I'll number them for you: 1) being crushed by twisted chunks of metal, and 2) buildings full of first-years.

A brief side-note: For those that didn't know, Sam Huntington, my favorite first-year next to that fucker Paternostro and star of *Detroit Rock City* (translation: he knows Eddie Furlong), is on leave this semester. I wrote a song about him. I was hoping to perform it for him on live television. I still might, but he won't be around to hear it. The movie he's on leave to shoot

**HE TAPES EVERY EPISODE OF OMEN TV, AND WATCHES THEM OVER AND OVER, NAKED AND COVERED IN MAPLE SYRUP.**

sounds like it's going to be really really bad. Like really awful. Oh well.

Sometimes, the metal things that fall on me aren't machinery at all, just big pipes and things. Like I had a dream last night about a lighting grid in a theater falling on me.

Alright, I have to come clean. I lied. I don't really have nightmares

about machinery falling on me very often at all. In fact, aside from last night's lighting-grid fiasco, I don't think I ever have had such a dream. And the lighting grid didn't even fall on me; it just fell when I was in the room. I'm a dirty, dirty liar.

The weirdest part about all these first years is that many of them may know who I am. I really don't know how many people have seen OmenTV, but I sure am on it a lot. And these first years might have seen it. There may even be one lonely, psychotic little first year out there, somewhere in the dorms, probably Dakin, maybe on K-1, who's taken vidcaps of me on OmenTV and blown them up into huge posters which he hangs on his wall. He tapes every episode of OmenTV, and watches them over and over, naked and covered in maple syrup.

That kid scares me. If you see him, tell him to back off. Other than that, though, I don't think too many of the first-years of whom I speak recognize me. They probably just think I'm some dumb fourth-year who moved to the mods and now feels he's too "cool" or "hip" to eat in Saga. And then they think that when I do go I expect them all to think I'm hot shit or something. And ask me how to use the waffle maker, or what the fried ravioli was like my first year.

A brief side-note: it was better then.

In truth, I would rather eat in my mod all the time, but sometimes I'm either lazy or don't want any of the food I have. So I go to Saga, and generally leave disappointed.

The moral of this story is that first-years will eat you. Be afraid.



## DON'T TEMPT ME

BY GWYNNE WATKINS

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!" This was the sound of my disillusionment, piercing the annoying tropical-elevator soundtrack of Temptation Island.

"You should have known better," clucks my modmate Matt, who has spent his share of late nights with me and trashy WB dating shows. "They NEVER have a Change of Heart."

"But – but – but Kaya fell in love with two other people and doesn't break a sweat, while his girlfriend wasted the vacation sobbing on the beach! And Mandi slept with that stranger and said it was the best night of her life, and Billy STILL wants her!"

The credits roll. All the couples are still together. One of them is engaged. They're all "very much in love," a phrase that doth protest too much, methinks. And yet I have the odd feeling they'll all be together forever.

"We should have a Hampshire version of this show," another modmate suggests. "It'll be called 'Temptation Donut' and the Dream Dates will be a choice between Saga, the RCC, and the Goodread Library."

They all stayed together. My head is reeling. Never, not even on 'Survivor' or that ground-breaking original 'Real World,' has network television so audaciously fucked with people's lives. These six contestants offered their most meaningful relationships to the gods of prime time, to be hacked at for the sake of drama and dissected by millions for the sake of conversation, all the while telling themselves that whatever happens, happens.

No. Nothing "happens" on Temptation Island; it's more puppeteered than Sesame Street.

Let's pretend, for my own satisfaction, that I am half of a tempted couple. There will be half a dozen "sexy singles" on the island who are hand-picked to mindfuck me into submission. In my case, these would possibly include a flaming bisexual actor, a reformed Catholic priest-turned-novelist, a Dylan-inspired singer/songwriter, a mountain-climbing Dharma Bum poet, a bartending ballroom dancer, and a master chef who plays jazz piano. (This is reason #1 why I would not be selected as a templee. Reason #2 is my abundant stomach, and Reason #3 is that I'd rather be dragged across the Sahara by demonic camels.) Now, Fox graciously flies me to Bali with these perfectly proportioned males, dazzling me with all the daquiris, bonfires, gourmet meals, and midnight swims I can handle. The challenge is, can my signif and I have a good time apart and still stay together?

If we are to take the network couples as examples, the answer is yes. And no. Something funny happens when you're placed in the most romantic possible situation, with seemingly perfect companions and no rules. Some superficial part of you (and we all have that superficial part) goes "cha-CHING! This is IT! This is everything I've ever wanted!" And the rest is a struggle between your common-sense morality (as one girl asked aloud, "Am I going to hell?") and the indulgent prospect of giving in. Almost everybody, sucked in on some superficial level, became emotionally involved. Some had screaming matches, some had sex, some

Shouting Theatre in a Crowded Fire



cried, "I wish I'd never come!" while others murmured, "I wish this would never end." But at the final confrontations, they all concluded by telling their partner, "I can't live without you."

Well shit. It seems pretty obvious that you can, Ms. I-Wish-This-Would-Never-End. And you, what happened to your resolution not to forgive him if he cheated? And you, what about that girl you fell head-over-heels for by Day Number Two? And for those of us who give a damn about the people we love, here's the cruel part: it was all a game.

A cruel game, but a game nonetheless. The couples can never return to that manufactured paradise, that tainted Eden. The subjects of their brief affairs were total strangers; they might as well have been actors assigned fictional jobs, skimpy wardrobes, and appealing personality traits. It was a game. A contest to see how far we're driven by jealousy and paranoia, by greed, by "what we're supposed to be thinking" in any given situation. In the end, Temptation Island was finite. They couldn't break up with their partners and stay there forever. By ending the relationship, all they'd accomplish is to leave with nothing, abandoning their real lives for something manufactured, artificial and – most importantly – gone.

At their tearful reunions, the contestants declared their love for one another with passionate urgency. But if you look closely during these scenes, you'll see that the dominant emotion is something entirely separate from love. Namely, they're scared shitless.



## HAMPSHIRE= THOUGHT PRISON

BY ZAK KAUFMAN

**H**ampshire was started with the dream of making a school that doesn't force students into a paradigmatic assembly line box of conformist uniformity. A school where a student can become whomever he/she/they truly are, not what a white male-dominated society thinks they should be. It was a wonderful dream by some guy whose name I don't know, and I salute that guy. Hopefully he's dead now, so that he doesn't have to see what his dream has become.

Many years ago I was a high school senior, looking for a college that would give me the tools to change the world. While going over some informative pamphlets, I discovered that Hampshire might just be such a school and so I applied there (No sir, it wasn't just because they took the common application.) On the day that Hampshire College accepted me into its liberal bosom I wept openly.

I stepped onto campus a wide-eyed innocent, open to all the possibilities of the universe. I was going to design my own curriculum. The pure freedom of this curriculum would let me shape myself into whatever I wanted to become, be it a writer, a doctor, or a genetically altered super being of unimaginable destructive might. Yes, the future was mine to mold.

Or at least, that's what Greg Prince wanted me to think.

My first hint that Hampshire was not the anarchist utopia it

advertised itself as came on the first day of classes. I showed up to the classes that I wanted to take, but was told that I had to register. I explained to the teacher's that by registering for classes I would be anti-registering my freedom, but they didn't care. Apparently, if I didn't register, the man wouldn't be able to trap me in his system, and he couldn't afford to let me be free.

So to make a long story short, I didn't take any classes my first semester.

Second semester was going to be different. I decided that it was worth sacrificing a little bit of freedom by registering in order to take the classes I needed in order to become my true self. So I signed up for my three classes and got ready to open myself up to the wisdom of the ages. But the man still tried to bring me down. Here's what went wrong.

**Problem #1:** The fucking teachers. I don't know what's up with these fools. Greg Prince promised me discussion-based courses, and yet my stupid teachers kept trying to talk. Let me give you an example: I'm in Psych & Culture talking about how close to nature the Indians were and how that was a lot better than the way we live now because we've gotten so far away from the Goddess. Everyone in the class was riveted, and then the fucking teacher interrupts me and starts talking about the readings. **WHAT THE HELL IS THAT!?** I'm expressing my true self and the teacher wants to stifle that by try-

ing to control my in-class discussion topics.

That's not the Hampshire I was promised.

**Problem #2:** The fucking readings. Almost every day in class some stupid teacher would assign me a reading that they think I need to read. They didn't ask me what I think I should read, but instead thrust their narrow-minded Western literature upon me, assuming that they know what I need to continue my spiritual elevation. And what's more, they don't even buy the damn books for me. I have to buy them. It's like the teachers are stealing money right out of my pocket. So instead of buying what my true self needs, I have to spend my money on what the man wants me to read, limiting my mind to a teeny little box of thought.

That's not the Hampshire I was promised.

**Problem #3:** The fucking assignments. I'm a reasonable guy. I'm willing to compromise with the teachers. I'll do some of their readings. Who knows, maybe somewhere in there I'll even find something worth thinking about, maybe something that'll inspire an earth poem. And you'd think the teachers would be satisfied with this little victory, but no. Now they want their damn dirty paper. Well I say no! I will not limit my time to writing papers, an antiquated western practice that not only limits the mind but wastes valuable trees! I will not pander for the teacher's approval by regurgitating the preprogrammed

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

BY BRADY BURROUGHS

*Writer's Note: This continues the historical installment series about torture that began last issue.*

**B**reaking With the Wheel or, the Catherine Wheel, was reputedly developed in Rome in the early 300's, but used extensively in the Germanic region of Europe from the early Middle Ages all the way up to the eighteenth century. The victim was laid out spread-eagle on the ground with long, perpendicular, and often wedged pieces of wood placed perpendicularly under the limbs. The torturer would then drop a large, heavy, spoked wheel inbetween and eventually on the blocks onto the limbs —shattering the bones of the limbs up to the shoulders and hips, but NEVER crushing the ribs or

anyplace that might cause death. Once pulverized beyond structure, the victim's "tentacles" were then entwined and braided onto the wheel and hung from a tree or other structure or placed upon a tall pole where people could watch. The victim would then die from starvation, blood-loss or being eaten by birds.

This device is also known as the Catherine Wheel, because St. Catherine (feast day: Nov. 25th) was martyred in the early 300's on a similar device. Denying a marriage proposal from Roman emperor Maxentius and refusing to give up her faith because of her undying love for Christ, she was imprisoned and tortured — eventually becoming twisted around a large, spiked, suspended wheel. The wheel

broke, and killed members of the audience (including, in some stories, the inventor of the device) but sparing Catherine. In anger, she was beheaded. Although descriptions of Catherine's torture upon the wheel and the mechanism of the wheel itself varies from story to story, there is no doubt that the medieval mechanism was indeed inspired in part from this much earlier creation; especially in the eventual suspending of the victim on the wheel.

Additional information provided by:

[www.dimensional.com/~randi/wheeling.htm](http://www.dimensional.com/~randi/wheeling.htm) (/racking.htm)

[www.solihulparish.org.uk/st\\_catherine.htm](http://www.solihulparish.org.uk/st_catherine.htm)

[www.romancatholic.niagara.on.ca/historye.htm](http://www.romancatholic.niagara.on.ca/historye.htm)



## HAMPSHIRE=THOUGHT PRISON **continuations**

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

thoughts he wanted us to learn in class! I will not play their game!

So to make a long story short, I didn't pass any of my classes second semester.

But that doesn't mean my second semester was wasted. No, because second semester I found the *Omen*. In the *Omen* I found the perfect forum to share my wisdom with others, a forum that encourages free and diverse thought. Be it my opinions on my new Appalachian Folk album or an essay on the tyranny of oppressive white male capitalistic rapist privilege, I could write whatever I wanted and know that it would be read and appreciated by likeminded folk. I found that the only true freedom available on campus lies between the recycled paper covers of each and every issue of the *Omen*.

So now I'm a second year and, although I am still oppressed by the Hampshire academic system, I have learned to cope. I passed a class last semester and am well on my way toward filing my Div2 on 'Gender in Pre-colonial Indigenous American Goddess Farming from a Neo-Pagan Perspective'. In addition, not only do I still express myself on a bi-weekly basis in the *Omen*, but I just recently discovered a way to spread my words to my student sisters and brothers on an even wider basis. The idea came to me when I realized how well permanent marker sticks to the buildings around campus.



# DARE TO DREAM III

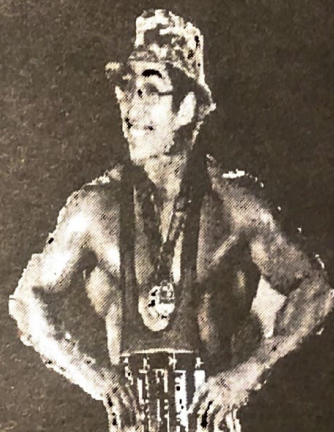
The plan is in place.  
I will seduce Gabe  
and poison him with  
my hemlock-laced  
edible panties. He  
will die in exquisite  
agony.



I have commanded the  
Vorlon fleet to  
attack Gabriel McKee.  
He will end in  
fire...and some  
pain...okay, much  
pain.

**Oh Yeah!**

(through translator)  
Yes, I will kick Gabe  
repeatedly in the head  
until he dies.



On the honor of my  
ancestors and clan, I  
swear Gabe McKee will  
not live to see  
another sunrise.  
After his death at my  
hands, his head shall  
be displayed on a  
pike outside the  
walls of my family's  
fortress for two  
weeks.

Eva Unit 01  
awaiting your  
order to  
vaporize Gabe  
McKee with the  
prototype  
positron  
cannon.

